

Adventures of the Future Chief of Berk: Rosilyn Haddock

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Summary: Hiccup and the gang are all grown up (yay!) and are taking on bigger and better responsibilities. Dragons, kids, chiefing ... It's a lot to do. Not to mention Rosilyn, the heir to the Hooligan Tribe, is as clumsy as her father and as driven as her mother. Read these stories of how the gang handles adulthood!

## 1. Prologue

\_From the Memoirs of Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III:\_

\_Everything has become so much more peaceful now that we live in peace with dragons. My friends and I are the best dragon trainers around. That job has become a little harder now that we're all grown up. \_

\_Dad's becoming too old to take on responsibilities as Chief, so I am now Chief Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III of Berk. I also married Astrid. We have a daughter now: Rosilyn Haddock. She's the future (and first female) Chief of Berk. She immediately bonded with a baby Whispering Death, which Toothless was weary of at first, but now Toothless treats the dragon as if the baby were his own. \_

\_Heather came back to make a place for herself in Berk and married Snotlout. They have a son Rosilyn's age, Warlout Jorgenson, and those two are the best of friends. They also have a new baby boy, Draco Jorgenson. \_

\_Fishlegs and Ruffnut got married and have a baby on the way. We're all hoping it's a girl. \_

\_Tuffnut is ... Well, he's still Tuffnut. With Gobber growing older too, Tuffnut decided to become his apprentice, learning to make weapons and care for the dragon's teeth so he can take over after Gobber's done. He's not interested in love or children at all. I silently agree that it's better to just have one twin making babies

than both twins. We'd have a lot more crazy around. —

\_And with my daughter growing up to be as smart as her daddy and as fierce as her mother, there's no telling what adventures we will face in the upcoming years.\_

## 2. When I Was Your Age

Two pairs of feet in fur boots bounded across the ground of the village of Berk. Grownups smiled as they watched the two children run along. Dragons watched in amusement as two young dragons followed along with the children. They were barely big enough for the pre-teens to ride.

"I'm so winning, Warlout!" the girl hollered, looking back to her best friend / relative.

"Not this time, Rosie!" Warlout smirked as he used the nickname he knew that his friend hated.

Their dragons seemed to engage in their own sort of race, rushing ahead of the children as they met their top speeds of flight. Warlout sped up, coming in right behind his friend.

"I WIN!" Warlout shouted as he ran into a shop.

"Well, that's a first," a man chuckled, looking at the girl as she paced inside and leaned against a counter, smiling. "What's up, Rosilyn? You losing your streak."

"I let him win," she smirked.

"Whatever," Warlout rolled his eyes.

Warlout Jorgenson and Rosilyn Haddock were two of the oldest children in the village. Warlout was the oldest son of a warrior named Snotlout and a healer named Heather. He had a little newborn brother named Draco. Rosilyn was the only child of the Chief of Berk, Hiccup, and his wife, Astrid. They were both elite dragon trainers, the best in Berk. So it wasn't a surprise that Rosilyn instantly bonded with a Whispering Death, one of the toughest dragons to tame.

"Is your grandfather busy, Rosilyn?" Gobber the blacksmith / dragon dentist asked as he grabbed a bunch of papers. "I need to run over these dragon barn designs with him."

"Last I saw, he and Daddy were discussing the food that would need to be stored for the freeze," Rosilyn replied. "But that was an hour ago. They might be done now. They were in the Great Hall."

"Thanks, lass," Gobber chuckled, ruffling up her red hair. "I'm off to see Stoick, Tuffnut. You're in charge."

"Got it!" the blonde Viking in question said as he sat down to clean his dragon's teeth. He and his twin sister, Ruffnut, had a Zippleback. Right now, it was Tuffnut's job to take care of it since Ruffnut was currently pregnant. Rosilyn and Warlout had heard plenty of stories from Hiccup about how reckless and careless the twins were as kids, but now that they were grown up, they took on their

responsibilities with no complaints. Tuffnut had actually fought to get the position of Gobber's apprentice since his old apprentice, Hiccup, was now Chief of Berk and a dragon trainer.

"What's this?" Warlout asked, reaching for one of the tools on the wall.

"Don't touch that!" Tuffnut said, easily picking up Warlout and dragging him away from the wall. "When I was your age ..."

"And here we go again," Rosilyn and Warlout whispered, then smirked at each other.

Tuffnut continued with his lecture, oblivious. "I did some pretty reckless things. I'm lucky to still have all my limbs. Now, you've got to grow up to be a great warrior and dragon trainer, Warlout, so you need all of your limbs in tact."

"I know," Warlout rolled his eyes.

"Oh dear," a female voice spoke up. "Are you giving them another 'When I Was Your Age' stories?"

"Oh, hi mom!" Rosilyn smiled to her mother, Astrid Haddock.

"I came to get you three for lunch," Astrid smiled. "Hiccup has some announcement to give today. Don't want to miss that." She smiled knowingly at Tuffnut and he laughed. "Alright, c'mon, children."

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><p>Rosilyn and Astrid were on either side of Hiccup as they ate in the Great Hall. Stoick, the former Chief of Berk, sat next to his granddaughter, telling her stories of all of his adventures as he did as every meal time. Hiccup finally stood up and everyone grew quiet.</p>

"I have an announcement," Hiccup said.

Rosilyn looked up to her father. She'd seen a painting of him when she was her age. He was a scrawny little boy, the runt of the village. But he grew up to be a muscular, strong man. She inherited the Haddock's red hair trait, but got her mother's blue eyes.

"We think we've found a place where the legendary Boneknapper Dragons live," he announced. Gobber nodded in pride. Rosilyn had heard the story of the time Gobber finally proved the Boneknapper Dragons were actually real. "The other dragon trainers and I are going to go see if we can train one and see if they'd be ok here on Berk."

Rosilyn smiled at the sparks of passion in her father's eyes. He really did love dragons. After all, he did lose a limb saving them from the Red Death when he was her age.

"Daddy," she spoke up, and he sat down and looked at her. "Do you think there are other dragons out there? You know, ones we haven't discovered or trained yet?"

"Well," Hiccup smiled. "We have yet to train a Scauldron. And you're the only one who can train a Whispering Death so far." He smiled.

"There are plenty things out there in the world we still don't understand, and some things we may never understand."

"Can I come?" Rosilyn asked.

"Um, I dunno," Hiccup said.

"Please, Daddy!" Rosilyn begged. "If it gets too dangerous, you can send me back on Stormfly. I promise I won't fight against it."

Hiccup smiled. "Okay then."

End  
file.